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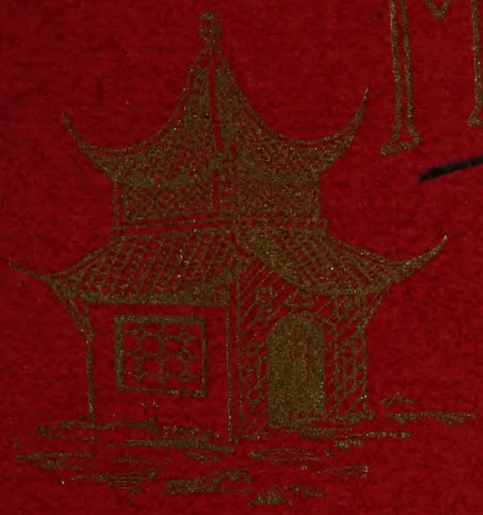
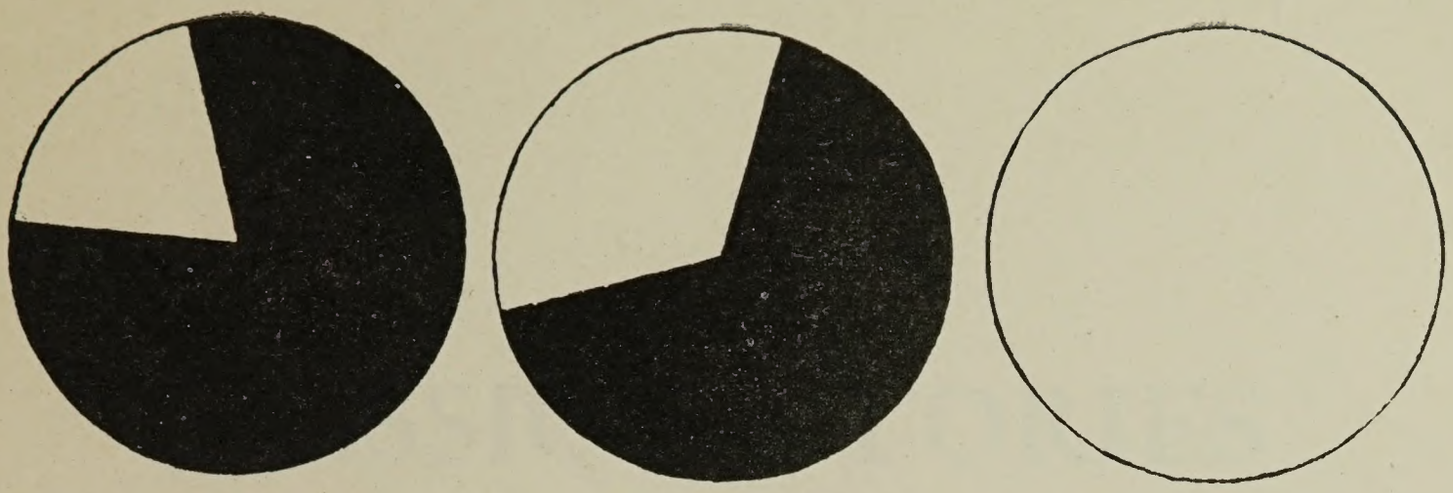
MISSION STORIES





1800 1900. WHEN?

WHITE REPRESENTS THE CHRISTIAN AND BLACK THE NON-CHRISTIAN WORLD.

Mission Stories

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MISSION STORIES

A LIFE OF FAITH

By JESSIE BROWN POUNDS

It is a significant fact that one of the most familiar names in the history of foreign missions should be that of a man who was not a foreign missionary. Louis Harms had neither the physical strength nor the mental adaptability necessary to work in the foreign field; and yet his life made possible the labors of scores and even hundreds of laborers abroad, while his own direct efforts were confined to a single parish.

He was born in 1808, and, when he was nine years old, he went to live in Hermannsburg, Germany, afterward the scene of his noble labors. At sixteen he entered the high school at Celle, and two years later Gottingen University. Here he was an ambitious student, but, influenced by unfortunate associates and surroundings, he drifted into infidelity. At length, in a quiet study of God's word, there came faith; and faith was swiftly followed by consecration. Henceforth he belonged to Christ, and lived but to serve Him.

For a number of years he was a teacher. He received calls to large fields, but he seems to have held, with singular tenacity, to the conviction that his best work would be done in his old home at Hermannsburg. Thither he went, in 1843, to become assistant in the church of which his father was pastor.

The death of his father, in 1849, left him the only minister in Hermannsburg. He came to exert a marvelous influence in the community. There were great ingatherings of souls, and religion became the chief theme of conversation, in the field and at the fireside. "The people are like one Christian family," an observer wrote.

There now grew up in the heart of Louis Harms a desire that his people might share in the work of the world's evangelization. A seminary was established, and the training of missionary volunteers undertaken. As volunteers of widely varying gifts and temperaments came, the idea of a missionary colony from Hermannsburg presented itself. There was no money in hand for such an enterprise, but Harms was in the habit of making large drafts upon the bank of faith.

The ship "Candace" was built, and launched in October, 1853. In it the first colony of Hermannsburg missionaries was sent out to work in South Africa. They had breathed their pastor's spirit of faith, and pressed their work, in spite of threatening obstacles, to rapid and permanent success. Within seven years eight stations had been established, one hundred settlers had begun work, forty thousand acres of land acquired, and fifty heathens baptized.

Meanwhile, the work of faith went on at Hermannsburg. Many came from unexpected sources, and new missions were undertaken. "It is wonderful," said Harms, "when one has nothing, and ten thousand crowns are laid in his hand by the dear Lord."

Louis Harms was through much of his life a great sufferer, and he succumbed to disease before old age was reached. His death, like his life, was a triumph of faith. He had seen the travail of his soul, and he was satisfied to go, and to leave the work to other hands.

That work is his memorial. More than sixty mission stations, scattered over South Africa, India, Australia and New Zealand, and manned by workers from the Hermannsburg society, testify to the power of his life of faith.

THE STORY OF DIGGING A WELL

By ANNIE EWING DAVIDSON

Dear Boys and Girls: Many of you have been giving your money to help erect the buildings in which our missionaries can work in heathen lands. I wonder how many of you ever read about the lives of great missionaries. I have been reading about a great and good man who has spent the greater part of his life in Christianizing the people of the New Hebrides.

Look on your map and you will see that these islands are near Australia. The people there were the lowest degraded savages. They

were canniabls (you know this means that they killed and ate human beings); they killed and burned people for offerings to their idols. When men died, their wives were burned or buried alive with their husbands' bodies. When their parents grew old and unable to work, they were killed to get rid of the care of them. These are some of the wicked things these people did before John Paton went to them and taught them about Christ. It would take volumes to tell all that this noble man did and endured for these people. What I want to tell you about is how the digging of a well led many people to become Christians.

When John Paton took his family to one of these islands he found they had no wells or cisterns. (Sea water is too salt for human use). During the rainy season, from December to April, they had fresh water; the rest of the year they used the milk of the cocoanut and juice of sugar cane to quench their thirst. It seems strange to us that they could live without water to wash with. Paton knew that he and his family would not live without fresh water, so he resolved to dig a well. Because he had been very kind to the people and made many presents to the chief, they allowed him to stay, but when he told them he was going to dig a hole in the ground to find water, they thought he had gone crazy. The only fresh water they knew of was rain. The chief said, "Why, you can't find rain in a hole in the ground; rain comes only from above!" He told them he believed that his God would send rain through a hole in the ground. So he began to dig. The chief begged him to quit and not let his people hear him talk about rain coming up from the ground, or they would think his head was wrong, and would never believe him again.

The old chief appointed men to watch him, thinking he was crazy. Paton hired some of them to help him a little, paying them with fish-hooks. After long, hard work under the hot sun, when he had made the well twelve feet deep, one night it caved in. The chief again begged him to give up the crazy notion of finding rain in the ground, and came near driving him away from the island.

The natives would not help him with the second well, and grew more and more afraid of him. When he had gone down thirty feet the ground began to feel damp. He prayed earnestly to God to give a spring of fresh water. He knew he could not hold out much longer at the work, and if he did not find water soon, the people would drive him away or kill him. He finally told the chief that he believed God would give him water in that hole by tomorrow. The chief said, "No, you will never see rain coming up from the earth, on this island. We expect daily, if you reach water, to see you drop through into

the sea, and the sharks will eat you!" After praying through the night, he went next morning and made a small hole at the bottom of the well, and water rushed in. He fell on his knees in the muddy water and thanked God. The chief and his people were waiting a little way off, afraid to come near the well. He brought up a jug full, and when they had tasted it and found it really was rain (as they called fresh water) they asked where he got it. He told them God gave it through that hole in the ground and they could all use it. At first they were afraid to go near the well until they formed a long line, holding to each other, the bravest man looking in first, then going back to the end of the line to help hold the rest. At last they were convinced that they could indeed be blessed with fresh water all the year round. Then they said, "If his God can do this, we will hear about Him," and soon many of them believed. They were finally led to destroy their idols, to give up their awful customs, and become an enlightened Christian people.

John Paton translated the Bible into their language, and they were so anxious to have copies of it that they worked fifteen years preparing arrow root (all they had) to sell, to make the money necessary to send to Australia to have it printed. How many of you think so much of your Bibles? And yet it is the Bible which tells us of Jesus, the Water of Life for us as well as for them.

IN MONTEREY, MEXICO

By HELEN E. MOSES

I hope you will enjoy a ride to the Bishop's Palace, up the mountain side northwest of Monterey. We had better take a carriage, for the evening is advancing rapidly. Here we call it *Coche* (pronounced Ko-tchay). We must make a definite bargain with our driver, for as we are *Americanos* he may think we have enough money so that we will not be particular about the price charged us.

How narrow the streets are! We almost run over the two little mules hitched tandem to the ancient looking street car. Nothing looks familiar. The houses are all Mexican, are but one story high and are built close upon the street. Where there are any sidewalks they are very narrow and are made just as the owner of the property pleases. The doors to the houses are very heavy and the windows which are also double doors having glass in the upper half, are covered with iron gratings. The *patios*, or yards, have walls around them almost as high as the houses, which makes the street very uninteresting.

Here is a group of little thatched cane huts of the very poor people. Can women and children really live in such miserable places? Surely they must, for the children are coming out to look at us. Their mother follows. No wonder her face looks hopeless, but the children are very bright. The baby is on the shoulders of her brother who staggers under her weight. If we were walking, the little brown hands would be outstretched toward us with the cry, *centavo, centavo,* for these little folks are as fond of pennies as the children of the homeland, and do not hesitate to ask for a gift—that is, the children from these poor little abodes. The children of our school and those we meet in the homes in which we visit are very gentle and thoughtful for your pleasure.

As we near the foot of the great hill upon which the palace stands, we pass beautiful homes in the midst of orange groves and delightful gardens. The air is perfumed with roses and sweet violets and the beautiful scarlet poinsetta, or Mexican Christmas flower, which grows here as large as our garden azalia, and flaunts its glorious blossoms almost in our faces.

Near the foot of the hill we leave our carriage and begin the upward march. The wild flowers growing in the scanty soil in the crevices of the rocks tempt us. They are all new and strange, all are tiny and delicate, yet having tints of brightest blue, pink and yellow.

The palace is in full view as we climb the slope. It looks much more like a fortress than a palace, and its walls bear many scars from American guns. This grim-looking building was commenced in 1782 and completed in 1790, by Bishop Verger, for a summer residence. It was assaulted by the American army September 21, 1849. At this time it received its many scars. Time, too, has battered it, until now it has fallen into disuse and decay. Still a lonely sentinel keeps watch at its portal, the only reminder of the gallant army which so bravely defended the city long ago.

After going through the empty ruins of the palace we will pause on the summit of the hill for a view of Monterey. Can this beautiful city, looking as though it were one great garden with white walled palaces and orange groves of green and gold be the city of narrow streets and blank walls we saw when below? It is even so, and when we are tempted to call Monterey monotonous and uninteresting we will remember our view of it from the Bishop's Palace. Do not begin the descent yet. Stand quietly and lift your eyes above the city just north of *Cerro de la Silla.* The moon is rising, a luminous sphere of silver. Turn to the west. The *Cerro de las Mitras*

are outlined against the sky in the clear rose of the afterglow, while just above the mountain hangs the evening star, mingling its golden radiance with the rose pink of the afterglow.

Surely the Lord is in this holy temple of nature. We will be silent before Him ere we go below into the dust and noise of the city.

CRIPPLED JOE

By A. G. ALDERMAN

Poor crippled Joe lives just across the street from our Mission in Monterey. In Spanish his name is Jose′, and it is pronounced "Ho-sa′y." When Joe was a tiny five-year-old boy he went one day with his father to the station to bring a load of lumber. The sun was not yet up when they started to the far-away station, and the morning was cool and refreshing. The big ox-cart trundled slowly beneath the *aguacate* trees that lined the roadside, and hundreds of pretty birds were ready to bid them good morning. Huge clusters of date blossoms united with still more fragrant orange blossoms to sweeten the summer air, and along the roadside ran a great irrigating ditch full of sparkling water, fresh from the lofty mountains. Joe had never traveled so far from home, nor seen so many beautiful things, and though you would think an ox-cart a clumsy means of locomotion, Joe had never seen anything better, and he was quite content to jog along until the shadows had crept close up under the wheels.

At length the road turned abruptly across the irrigating ditch. The big oxen plunged in up to their sides and stopped to drink. Joe thought it was fine sport to watch the water running swiftly under the cart, and to see the thirsty oxen expand as they drank eagerly from the cold stream.

Then they came to the railroad—the first that Joe had ever seen. The whistle of a locomotive was heard away in the distance, and Joe's papa pointed away down the track, saying, "There comes a train!" But Joe had very little idea of what the word train meant, and before he had time to ask any questions the train went roaring by. *"Tengo miedo!"* (I am afraid!) said Joe, as he crouched behind his papa, trembling like a leaf in the wind. Joe called it the "fire wagon," and for a long time it was a mystery to him how any wagon could go so fast without any oxen hitched to it.

At last the station was reached. The sheaves of wheat that had served as cushions were now given to the hungry oxen, and Joe and

his papa sat down to eat their corn-cakes and cold beans in the shade of a great tree. Soon they were discovered by some old friends who shared their dinner with them and brought in return several bottles of liquor that the men seemed to like very much, and that seemed to make them very merry. Joe thought he would like to taste it, but the men did not offer him any, and they grew so boisterous that he was afraid to ask for it.

After they had drunk and told strange stories for a long time, the oxen were hitched up to the cart and driven up beside a flat-car loaded with long, heavy planks. These were laid upon the cart, the long ends passing between the oxen and several feet in front of them, and resting upon the yoke. Then Joe was left with the oxen in the sun while the men went into a neighboring *cantina* (saloon) to drink more *mescal.* They remained a long time, and when they came out, Joe saw that his papa could hardly walk, and he thought he must be very ill. The men embraced each other, and then they talked a long time, then embraced again, and finally Joe was placed upon the great load of lumber, and his papa climbed up beside him.

Joe was glad to get started for home, for he felt that something was wrong, though he could not understand it. His papa began to prod the oxen fiercely with the sharp, steel-pointed goad, and they started down the slope at a gallop. Joe was terribly frightened, and he thought they must be going nearly as fast as the "fire wagon." After a while his papa's zeal gave way to drowsiness, and he was soon sound asleep. The oxen knew that they were going toward home, and for a long time they kept on their way, though the load was heavy and they made very slow time. Night came on, and Joe rubbed his eyes and yawned. He was hungry and thirsty, but he soon fell asleep.

The oxen grew very tired and thirsty, and finally when they came to a little bridge where a stream of water crossed the road, they made an eager plunge for the water, causing one wheel of the cart to miss the bridge. Joe awoke with a sharp cry of pain to find himself pinned fast between the great cart wheel and the stone curbing of the little stream. His leg was crushed and broken, and he tried in vain to pull it loose. His papa had fallen off beside him, but he was so drunk that the fall did not awake him. You will not wonder that poor little Joe thought he should die. He cried and cried, and called to his papa and mamma all through the long dark night, but no one heard him. Sometimes he would almost fall asleep. Then the uncomfortable oxen would struggle again, and he would scream with pain. It seemed to him like an age before the welcome

light began to dawn in the east. Then he thought that mamma would soon come. But suddenly everything seemed to grow dark, and he knew no more until several hours later when he awoke to find his frightened mamma bending over him in the little cane hut that they called their home. Oh, how glad he was to see her! Her black face looked to him like the face of an angel, and he almost forgot the terrible pain in his joy at being at home.

There was no money to pay a doctor. It had all been spent for the terrible liquor that had caused all the trouble. The neighbors had gathered in and there was great excitement, but no one knew just what to do, so poor Joe suffered on. Finally they thought of a farmer near by who had some means, and one of them ran in great haste to him. When he heard the pitiful story of Joe's misfortune, he sent a servant galloping to the town ten miles away to bring a doctor. Night had come again before the doctor arrived. When he saw Joe he shook his head gravely, but went to work to save the little sufferer's life. It was impossible to save the crushed and broken leg, and that is why Joe has a clumsy wooden leg.

Joe's father went on from bad to worse, and finally filled a drunkard's grave; but Joe has never forgotten the terrible experience by which he learned the horrors of strong drink, and he is a sober, industrious lad. We see him going about the streets every day. He is selling charcoal, and that is the way he supports his widowed mother and her family of children. From his door he can hear the songs in our Sunday school, and we have asked him to come and sit beside another boy with a wooden leg, so that together they may learn of our Savior who made the lame to walk, and who taught us how to reach that Home where sorrow never comes.

DOES IT PAY?

By JESSIE CLAIRE GLASIER

'Nita was a little Mexican girl, brown, dirty and bare-legged. 'Nita's mother was, if possible, browner and dirtier than she. 'Nita could remember when her mother wore gay earrings and a red ribbon in her black braids, and she herself sometimes had a pair of shoes for feast days and other great occasions—and perhaps a square of sweetmeats to munch. But that was while father was alive, peddling goats' milk from house to house. Then came the awful fever and carried off the milk-seller, Francisco, and his two younger children. Now there were no ribbons or sweets—not much in life but rags and dirt, and cuffs and harsh words when the mother had drunk more *pulque* than usual.

Then one day "Miswite" came, and the world was changed. "Oh, mother! There is a lady like the face of the Moly Mother Mary that hangs over our bed," 'Nita cried, bursting into the filthy little court where her mother knelt on the bare ground, mixing *tortillas*—the thin corn-meal cakes that served for most of their meals. "Such eyes, mother! And hair like the sun! And she asked me to come and hear the music—there is a school and they sing—little children like me. And it matters not I have no shoes—she said so. She said to come and ask for 'Miswite.' Say I may, mother, let me go," 'Nita pleaded, wringing her dark little hands, while her great black eyes glowed with excitement.

It could do no harm, the mother reckoned. These rich *Americanos* often spent money on the children they happened to fancy. No doubt this beautiful lady with the fair skin and hair of gold had come from the great land of plenty to the northward. And so Miss White, whose name had jumbled itself so sadly in 'Nita's little head, won her most faithful pupil.

I wish you could have seen the ecstasy on the little Mexican girl's face when she first heard the songs the children sang, grouped around the little organ "Miswite" played with such spirit. And no one could have learned faster than she did to strike the right note in her clear, bird-like soprano. Other things she learned, too—that it was worth the trouble of carrying heavy pails of water a long way to look clean and fresh and worthy of the white dress her teacher promised her. Also, that the good Lord would rather that a poor milk-peddler's widow spent her few silver pieces to keep herself and her child clothed and fed instead of paying them to the priest to have masses said for her dead husband's soul. 'Nita learned, too, that a little girl might earn silver bits of her own by weaving pretty baskets when she was not learning—wonder of wonders—to read real words out of the book "Miswite" gave her.

As for the mother, her heart was quite won by the white dress that made her little 'Nita look, she declared, like an angel. When work was found for her in the laundry that was connected with the mission school, her gratitude was genuine and deep. Now, if you could look in any Sunday morning, you would see the two, mother and little daughter, neatly clothed and with faces shining, listening together to God's word and joining in the songs that tell of the love of Jesus. If you asked, "Does it pay to build schools and churches in Mexico!" they would say "Yes," most heartily. So would "Miswite."

A GREAT WOMAN

By MATTIE POUNDS

Pundita Ramabai, who spent some time in America, and who was so warmly greeted in every city she visited, is one of the most remarkable women now living. We would not be surprised at her great fame had she been brought up in this land whose chief glory is that it gives opportunity to all whether they be rich or poor, men or women, to make the most possible of themselves and of their lives; or in England, the country that has honored all womanhood and honored itself by the love and loyalty it has shown its noble queens; but that a daughter of India, the land that despises and oppresses its women, shuts them up in zenanas, and keeps them in ignorance, should have become such a famous author, lecturer and philanthropist as to be known throughout all three of these countries seems truly wonderful.

She was born in April, 1858, in a great forest named Gunga Mal. Her parents had been driven into exile because her father, who was a learned pundit (teacher) believed that women should be educated, and spoke against the custom of child-marriage. He taught his own wife until she became an educated woman, and then together they taught their little daughters. Ramabai must have been a very apt pupil, for when she was fifteen years of age she could read and speak the Hindi, Marathi, Bengali, Guzerathi and Sanscrit languages.

About this time the dreadful famine, known as the "India famine of 1876," but which began three years before that time, began to be felt. Ramabai has told in one of her books of the horrors of that time. The family went from one place to another on "holy pilgrimages," as they are called, trying to get the false gods they worshiped to help them, for though the members of this family were intelligent and educated, yet they were heathens, for they had never heard of the true God. Had they known that the idols could not help them, and remained in one place, instead of making these pilgrimages, using their strength in work, they would have been far better off. As it was, the father and mother, and all of their children but Ramabai and one son, died of starvation.

At this time Ramabai began lecturing on female education, and, wonderful as it may seem, the people not only permitted her to lecture, but listened with interest. The learned men of Calcutta honored her by conferring upon her their learned degrees, an honor never before given to one of the women of their country.

At twenty years of age she married a good man who approved of her work and assisted her in it. The days seemed very bright and happy and she felt that she was doing much to help the poor women of her country. But in less than two short years her husband died, and she became what is considered in India the most degraded of all beings—a widow.

Instead of yielding to despair, as other widows do in that country, she employed her time in the seclusion into which she was forced in writing books. These books had such a large sale that she soon had money enough to make a journey to England, the land of which the wonderful story was told that all the women living in it were loved and well-treated.

But no Hindu woman—much less a Hindu widow—had ever made a journey to a foreign country. The friends of Ramabai were ashamed because she thought of doing such a thing and urged her to give it up. But she said she must learn the customs of a country that treated its women and girls so well.

One of the first things she saw in England was a home for homeless women which some Christian people had founded. She looked at it with wonder. She said to herself, "Well, this is a new kind of a religion, which gives a home to the poor and the outcast. The sacred books of the East tell us that help is only to be given to the wise and the good, and command very different treatment for the weak and the helpless!" She began at once a study of the Christian religion and after a short time was baptized into Christ.

The people everywhere were delighted with her. She was made Professor of Sanscrit in Cheltenham College, where she taught for three years. In the meantime a desire had grown up in her heart to found a home for outcast widows in India. She came to America to lecture on the condition of the women of India. The people everywhere heard her gladly, and about $15,000 was raised with which to found a Widows' Home. She returned to India in 1889, secured a fine location at Poona, and erected a good building.

At the beginning of the recent famine there were sixty widows living in the home. Ramabai remembered how much she and her friends had suffered during the other famine, and made a tour of the country to relieve widows and deserted wives.

During this tour she visited our station at Mahoba, leaving some little girls, whom she had found by the way, at the Orphanage, and taking away some widows who were there. In the account of her travels she speaks in the highest terms of Miss Graybiel and others of our missionaries. She now has three hundred widows in her home.

On November 15, 1897, a remarkable baptismal service was held there. A missionary who assisted writes: "It was a novel and interesting sight, when seventeen bullock-carts crowded with seven and eight women in each, started out for the Bheema river, five and one-half miles distant from the farm. Songs of joy arose, one after another, as they slowly went along. A tent was pitched on the bank of the river, which served as a dressing-room. A short service was held, after which the baptisms took place. Pundita Ramabai's Brahman secretary (who was baptized on October 26, together with a large number of widows in Poona) stood in the water and helped the candidates to enter and return to the shore. One of the school-mistresses on the shore called out the names of those to be baptized. It was very interesting to hear each one repeat, with the minister, 'In the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.' The happy faces and frequent expressions of praise showed that the Spirit teaches His children alike the world over, for these women had never come in contact with many Christians, revivals, or baptismal services. One hundred and eight women and girls and one boy of twelve years of age were baptized."

AN UNFORTUNATE

By BERTHA F. LOHR

The sun had again been sending his hot rays over the plains of India. The whole day the heat had been very great. Now it was beginning to get cooler. The evening shadows advanced more and more and announced to the poor, languishing people the longed-for refreshing coolness of the night.

At this time a fourteen-year-old herds' boy was driving his father's cattle home. He seemed to be very happy for he was merrily whistling all the way. All the people had quit working in the small Indian village and were getting ready for the feast which the father of the above mentioned boy, whom we will call Mangal, was to give. It seems to the boy that the buffaloes and cows are walking very slowly tonight. He was so impatient to get home, for already he could hear the sound of the music coming to him from his father's house and several times he had been trying to get the leader of the herd, a very thin and miserable looking cow, to walk quicker, but all in vain. She does not understand the impatience and haste of the boy which he manifests today, and is not to be brought out of her usual leisurely walk.

Now the boy is getting somewhat angry. "I will make her go," he thinks, and throws his stick after her. But oh, how dreadful! The stick goes the wrong way, and a small calf falls bleeding to the ground. Frightened, the poor boy runs to the place and tries to help his little favorite on its feet; but his stick had hit a dangerous place. One more convulsive movement and then its young life had ended.

Wild thoughts now go through the head of the poor little criminal. He knows too well what dreadful punishment awaits him for his offense; he knows the penalty by which only he can be cleansed from his sin. For a moment he thinks that he may be able to keep the accident a secret, but other people have been witnessing the scene and some are already running screaming and excited into the house of the unfortunate boy's parents, bringing the fearful news to the frightened father: "Thy son has killed a calf!" Terrified, the father runs to the place. The mother follows him with loud lamentations. She takes the trembling boy in her arms and says, crying: "Oh! my boy, how could you do such a dreadful thing? Now the gods will hate you and their curse will be upon you, if you do not fulfill the penalty which the law prescribes! You will have to leave us this very day, and only after five years can we receive you again. O my heart is almost breaking!"

The wailing people lead him out of the village, and then they give him a small vessel and a staff in his hand; and now he is alone, cast out of his father's house and out of his village, forsaken by all whom he loves. The unspeakable misfortune which has come upon the hitherto happy boy is almost more than he can bear. During five long years he will have to provide for himself, and in all this time not a word must pass his lips; he can only imitate the bleating of a calf; only in this way he is allowed to make known his wants to the people. This is the awful punishment which is prescribed by the law for his offense. But although it seems almost impossible to bear his hard lot, he will not resist the will of the gods, but he will try to appease their anger by faithfully performing his penance. It is impossible for him to go much farther today. It is dark now; he can hear the sounds of the drums and the loud lamentations of his father's guests, who help him to bewail his son's misfortunes, and, sobbing, the poor outcast boy sinks down beneath a palm tree, forsaken by men, at enmity with his gods, and unacquainted with the dear, loving, Heavenly Father.

Early the next morning he awakes, a little strengthened by the sleep he has had, and begins his long journey with courage and energy. First, he has to visit the Ganges to wash away his sins in

the waters of this holy river. We wonder if he will not starve to death, or be torn to pieces by some wild animal.

But after three years we meet him again—his clothes are hanging from his body in rags, his cheeks are hollow, and his feet are sore and tired with much walking. Slowly he comes toward our veranda and it seems as if he is going to ask, "Can you not help me at last? How often have I been driven away, been cursed and shamefully treated." The expression of pain on his face, his sore knees, which show us how much he has been praying before idols, the inarticulate sounds by which he tries to make himself understood—by all this we know at once whom we have before us, and it reveals to us a long, sad story. He is asked many questions, but not a word comes from his lips. If he breaks the law he will have to suffer for it afterwards. Lovingly he is told about the Lord Jesus, and asked to become His disciple and follow Him, but to this he answers only by shaking his head. So we are not able to help the poor boy; we have to let him go from us with bleeding hearts. May the dear Heavenly Father be merciful unto him.

The dear friends in the homeland, who read this little story, will receive an idea of the impenetrable darkness in which the poor Hindus are yet languishing. The ground is yet hard and unfruitful, although much labor has been spent in trying to make it soft and yielding. But we shall work on with the happy assurance that the Lord will bless the work which is done in His name and for His sake, and our heart rejoices in the thought that "with God nothing is impossible." May He help us to remain faithful to the end.

BALLO

By HELEN L. JACKSON

It was that happy time which we who love Jesus call "Christmas." Not so happy, though, to the poor little boys and girls of India, because, for one thing, they know nothing of the dear Jesus whose birthday into this world we celebrate with so much joy. Then another reason is this—the poor little boys and girls of India—hundreds and thousands of them—can not find enough to eat. So it happened that, just at the time when you, dear children, were full of glee in anticipation of lots of fun, presents and good things to eat, two little ones—Ballo and her brother, Mullu—were trudging, with weary little feet, from village to village, seeking food.

But all in the villages were nearly as poor as they themselves, so they joined a party of poor, starving people, who were traveling

to Hurda. They had no house to go to, and knew no one in the town, so they dropped their little bundle of rags (which they call a "*bechona,*" a bed) under a tree on the banks of the river, and made that their home.

But the long, weary trudge in the hot sun had been too much for poor little Ballo and she lay down under the tree with a throbbing headache and burning fever. All day long the cruel fever burned, and her poor little lips were parched with thirst, while her legs and back ached, oh! so badly.

There was no kind mamma to take her in her arms and soothe her pain, and there was not even any one to go to the river and bring her some water to drink, because her brother Mullu had gone off to try and beg some food for himself and little sister.

So she lay there all alone until, as night was drawing on, Mullu came back.

"Ballo," says he, "there is a lady living in a bungalow, a long way from here, and she gave me some curry and rice to eat; and see, I have brought some for you. But she says she won't give me any more unless I take you along."

"But I can't go, brother, my legs ache so much, and when I stand up I feel all dizzy. And I don't want the food—you eat it—only get me some water." Poor little Ballo, she was too sick to eat, but she drank the water which Mullu brought in their brass lota—the only thing of any worth which they possessed.

So these two little lambs, for whom the dear Savior gave His life, rolled themselves up in their poor rags, covered their heads over that they might not see anything that might come to startle them, and lay all night out there in the dark alone. Did I say "alone"? Oh, no! they were not alone! Do you remember, dear children, that verse which tells of our Savior's words: "For I say unto you, that their angels do always behold the face of my Father which is in heaven." Yes, although no one saw them, there were two bright, beautiful angels watching over those little forms down by the river.

The next morning Ballo began to cough and had a strange pain in her chest, then she felt so tired—always tired—and she could not walk that long distance to see the lady who had given brother such nice food. So he went off again and left her by the river.

"Ballo, you must come with me tomorrow, for the lady thinks that I am telling lies when I tell her that I have a little sister to feed. She thinks that I just say so to get a double share of food."

So the next day, with her brother's aid, little Ballo came to my bungalow. Poor little mite! How thin she looked! Her poor arms

were like two sticks, and her legs the same; her cheeks were sunken in, and her big, black eyes looked out so mournfully. I fed them both that day, and tried to induce them to stop with me, instead of going back to the lonely river. But, strange as it may seem to you, they did not want to.

For several days I saw no more of them, and I was busy with many extra duties which Christmas brought with it, but one evening, a day or two after Christmas day, on returning to the bungalow rather late, I saw on my veranda what seemed like a heap of rags. But going up to it I found, under the rags, Mullu and Ballo fast asleep!

I put my hand on the boy, and he jumped up, saying, "Salaam." But Ballo was in a high fever, and hardly recognized any one.

"We have come to stop," said Mullu; "Ballo is sick, and can not walk, and I don't know what to do. There is a man up there who keeps a drink-shop—he wanted to keep us, but I know he would beat us and make us work hard, and so we came to you for fear he would get us."

"I am glad you have come," said I, "for your poor little sister is very sick, and needs good food and good medicine." So they "came to stop," and in a little while, after careful nursing, Ballo's little cheeks began to fill out nice and round; she was able to run and play, and her eyes sparkled with health and happiness, and her laugh was the merriest on my compound.

Such a happy, contented little maiden, and full of love and affection for "*Mama je*," as she called me. "I'll never leave you mamma! never! You gave me good medicine, and made me well—and I love you"—this with a loving little hug.

But for Ballo's sake I thought it best that she should leave me. So, when Miss Judson was going to Mahoba, Ballo's things were got ready, too, and now she is a happy little girl among lots of other little girls who, like her, have been rescued from death.

"God bless our dear little Ballo!" I say, "and make her a true servant of the dear Lord Jesus"—and I know you will all say Amen!

THE FACE IN THE LOOKING-GLASS

By A. E. G.

A missionary sat one hot summer afternoon beneath the veranda of the mission house reading, when, suddenly looking up, she was startled to find herself being intently regarded by a pair of eager eyes

belonging, it seemed to her at first, to some sort of monkey, for the owner of the eager eyes began in an equally eager voice, and in broken English, "Lady, tell poor black girl about the good God of whom you've come over the great sea to teach"; and the face was upturned to the missionary with a wistful, yearning look.

The lady looked curiously at the strange figure before her. Well might she have taken the girl to be an animal rather than a human being. Imagine, if you can, a little squat figure, with filthy rags of clothing hanging to it, face and hands incrusted with dirt, and the unkempt, matted hair really gave one an idea of a wild creature of the woods.

And yet within the dark heart of this heathen child was a deep longing, so real and so earnest that she had overcome fear and timidity, and had come from her unclean dwelling to know more from the lips of the missionaries of the Lord and Savior of whom she had heard rumors from those who had come under their teachings.

"Do tell poor heathen about the great God," she said again, for the missionary had sat without making reply to her first appeal. She had been thinking how and what she should answer.

At length she said, "Come to me tomorrow at this time and you shall know what you wish." The child looked her thanks, and then, like a veritable thing of the woods, bounded away, and was quickly out of sight. The missionary sat there lost in thought, and soon from her heart came the cry: "O God, give me the soul of this poor heathen; teach me what I shall say to her; help me that I may reach her understanding!"

The next day the missionary awaited within the coming of the heathen child. At length she saw the little form slowly and timidly approaching, and could see that the child was surprised and disappointed at not seeing her beneath the veranda. She sent the native servant forth to meet the child, who told her that her mistress was within, and awaited her there. The little form drew near to the house and entered, following the servant. The missionary called the child to join her in an upper room, and she quickly ascended the stairs to the place whence the voice proceeded.

On her way she had to pass through a room in which hung a large mirror. The lady suddenly heard a loud, piercing scream, and the girl rushed breathless into her presence, nearly fainting with terror, and at length gasping, "Why didn't you tell me?" as she pointed to the stairs up which she had just come. Then slowly she explained, when the missionary had soothed away her fear, how that she had seen in the room below, as she passed through, a terrible

looking wild beast, which approached her, and seemed ready to spring upon her.

"But there's no wild beast there," said the lady. "You surely are mistaken."

"No, no," pleaded the girl, "don't go," as the missionary descended the stairs to ascertain the cause of the child's terror; but finding she still went on, the child, for very fear of being left alone, followed her.

"Where?" asked the missionary, on reaching the room and looking around. "Where is that which so affrighted you?"

"There! there!" said the girl, pointing to the mirror, wherein were reflected her face and form.

"But that's yourself there," said she, "and not a wild animal at all."

"Me!" was the surprised question.

"Yes; that's your own face there."

The child wonderingly drew near and gazed at her form in the glass, and, when the truth dawned upon her, said slowly: "Dirty, horrible, ugly!" And then, turning to the missionary, "I'd like to be clean, lady."

When, soon afterward, trim and clean, with the long unkempt hair nicely braided up, and in the place of rags of clothing a pretty dress which the mission people had given her, the girl again stood before the mirror, she drew herself up, and with a pleased, beaming face, kept repeating, "Clean now, pretty now, neat now!"

"Yes," said the lady, who was an amused spectator of it all, "but only outside."

Then, drawing the child gently toward her, she told her, with love in her tones, of the spiritual deformity and defilement; to all of which the child listened with earnest attention. When the missionary had ceased speaking, the girl, with tears in her eyes, said the old words: "I'd like to be clean, lady." A few days had passed, and the girl had had many long and happy talks with the missionary, when one afternoon she cautiously, almost with awe in her face, crept up the staircase once again and stood in front of the glass which had before been such a source of terror. The missionary, with joy and thankfulness to God in her heart for the wondrous way in which He had brought this little one to Himself, watched. Looking at her face and figure, now so bright and clean, she repeated, "Clean, pretty, neat"; and then, while heaven itself seemed to be reflected in the sweet face, "and clean inside, too!"

My little tale is told. Have you caught its meaning? Have you seen yourselves in God's looking-glass—His Word? Have you been troubled and made wretched by the sight? Can you say today with the heathen child, "I've been cleansed?" If not, come at once, and let your prayer be, "Lord, show me myself." When that is answered, as it soon will be, let this prayer go up to Him, "Lord, show me Thyself," and the look of faith at Him shall save you.

BRANDING A GIRL WIFE

By MATTIE W. BURGESS

"In the Court of the Third Presidency Magistrate an interesting case of cruelty to a Hindu girl came on for hearing, but terminated unexpectedly, the accused escaping punishment. The accused were a lad of seven years and his father, the former being the brother-in-law of the girl and the latter her father-in-law. They were charged with having branded the girl, who is eleven years of age, and the wife of another son of the second accused. In opening the case the following facts were laid before the court: The girl was given some bread to bake. She was sleepy at the time, it being 8 o'clock p. m., and while dozing the bread was burnt. This made the father-in-law very angry. During this time the girl had been chained up, both of her legs being shackled. She was able to move about slowly. Upon the spoiling of the bread the enraged father-in-law said to the boy, 'Burn her.' He himself then placed a poker in the fire. After making it red hot he gave it to the boy, who burned the girl. She complained to her mother and was taken to the hospital. The police were informed and the case sent up after due inquiry. The poor girl, when called, gave a different version, and the court reluctantly allowed the case to be withdrawn."

How often such cruelty occurs only One knows. All over India the little wives are afraid to testify against their husbands or their husband's people. The houses of the fathers-in-law are the only homes, and should their evidence be the means of convicting any member of a family their later tortures and sufferings would be far worse than anything yet experienced. And yet how many daughters sit at east in Zion!

MISERABLE HOMES IN INDIA

By OLIVIA A. BALDWIN

There are some wealthy people in India. Their homes are built of stone or brick. There are no frame houses there. Timber is os scarce that a frame house would cost more than one of brick.

The houses of the poor are made of mud, and as nearly all of the people are poor, mud houses are the rule. Economy must be used even in building a mud house. The one-room house is the rule among the lower castes. This one room is often not more than ten or twelve feet square. At each corner of the house, on the outside, is a rough post or sapling as a support for the mud walls; these walls are often but four or five feet high except at the gable end.

The roofs are of cheap tile or grass theatch, the framework being made of bamboo poles.

The doors vary with the height of the wall. Some are only three feet high and two feet wide. Some houses have no doors—instead, a piece of bamboo matting is used to close the doorway when desired. When a door can not be afforded the doorway is made unusually small. Often I have bumped my head and broken my pith hat because I failed to steep low enough in going in or out at these crude doorways.

Windows are not considered a necessity in Indian houses. One window to a house is ample and the windows are usually not more than three feet wide and one foot high. Glass is rarely used. Wooden bars running up and down are common. In cold and rainy weather the windows are closed with matting. In the cold season six to ten people sleep in one room with the window and door closed. Fortunately ventilation is secured through spaces unintentionally left between the top of the walls and the roof of the house.

The houses in India are built without chimneys. Stoves are not used. A crude little fireplace in a corner of the room is used for cooking. The poor can not afford fire for heating purposes.

I was once called to doctor a little girl, very sick with pneumonia. It was in the winter, and as the people were in comfortable circumstances, they had a big fire in the middle of the room. It was a big smoke, rather. I could stay in the room but a few minutes at a time. The Indian people do not mind smoke; they are accustomed to it. They were trying to keep the sick child warm, and never once thought of the suffiocating effect of the smoke.

The high caste people in India must have two rooms, even if they are poor, for they keep their women shut up and must have a room especially for them. It is considered a shame for a woman to be seen by any man outside of her own family. Often girls of nine or ten years, when married or betrothed, are shut up. This cruel custom prevents the girls from going to school after they are nine or ten years old, even when their people are willing for them to be educated. The *purdah* (curtained) girls and women often have a little back yard, surrounded by a high wall, where they may walk or sit. In the cities many are deprived of even this much of out-of-door life; so the homes of the high caste and the wealthy, even, are made miserable by the heathen customs.

Small houses can be built in India for from $3 to $5, yet many of the people are too poor to own or to rent a house, and live out of doors except during the rainy season.

So great was the poverty of the people, when I was there, that they could not live inside of even such a house. Now, on account of the plague and the famine, the poverty and the suffering are very greatly increased.

How thankful we should be for our comfortable, happy homes! But if we are truly thankful, will we not do something to help the people of India?

In Christian lands, any such poverty and suffering is impossible. God has promised a special blessing upon His people. Then, where people love Christ, they love each other and are ready to help each other. In heathen lands, the missionaries are able to teach the people how to make more money, and how to save it, that they may be ready for the time of trouble. The native Christians of the lower castes in India are much better off than their heathen brethren. So, whenever you help in missionary work you help to convert the people to Christ, and you also relieve their poverty and distress. When a high caste man becomes a Christian, he no longer keeps his wife shut up, for he is taught that this is wrong; and his daughters are not married when children, but are sent to school. Do you see how much you can help? Try to do more for the Builders' Fund this year than you have ever done before. Save your nickels and dimes given you, and try to earn some money for this great work.

Remember that Jesus said, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

A BAPTISMAL SCENE AT MAHOBA, INDIA

By ADELAIDE GAIL FROST

Last evening ten of our girls were buried with their Savior in baptism in the sunset waters of Kirat lake. It was a beautiful time in the day, when the air is cool and the glare of the tropical sun has given place to the softly fading light of the afterglow.

All the larger children went down to the lakeside two by two, softly singing, down past the suttee piles and temples, which did not speak any language to these little souls rescued from idolatry. For them it is "Jesus only." They stood in a row on the bank, looking indeed "chosen" in their clean dresses and neatly braided dark hair. One would not think of these things did she not see girls running about in the road with wild, unkempt hair, and a rag for a covering. There was dear little Rupiya ("silver"), whose elder sister, Mambhai, is in the Orphanage too. Mambhai had a high fever and could not go last night. She grieved so over it, but told Rupiya she need not fear, that it was a service that would seem good to her. There was Parmi, who came to us only a little over two years ago, a thin, spiritless child, who had not energy to smile. I see her yet with her shoulder blades protruding through the rents of an old dress, and her face with the old, old look. She can laugh and sing after two years; she reads in the Third Hindi Reader; she is "like other children," and she went down into the baptismal waters with a believing and understanding heart. Each of the ten has her history. I wish I could tell you a bit about each. We sang "What Can Wash Away My Sin?" and "I Will Keep Jesus in My Heart"—the latter has a native air. Then, as the last was being baptized and the sunset glow was fading from the waters, we sang:

"Abide with me, fast falls the eventide,
The darkness deepens, Lord with me abide."

We turned homeward where the glorious full moon was sending up a glow behind the orphanage and I saw the girls, who have been Christians for some time, kissing the cheeks of their new sisters in Jesus. As Miss Gordon and I walked back together we repeated that beautiful text about His being able to "*keep*." I have selected this text from Colossians for these ten as my resolve for them: "Laboring fervently for you in prayers, that ye may stand perfect and complete in all the will of God."

A TRIP TO INDIA TO DO MISSION WORK—*In Three Parts*

By JOSEPHA FRANKLIN

PART I. TAKING CARE OF THE SICK

Frank Stockton, I think, has written a story about a man who had power to transfer his aches and pains upon his friends simply by thinking of them very hard. I have gotten an idea from this, and so, dear young people, will try to get relief myself a while by inflicting my aches and pains on you. I will even go farther. I will make you boys and girls in turn come to India and share my work with me. Just as I need you I will call your names. But first, all of you think: Josepha Franklin has fifty-three children who should be taught five hours a day; thirty-eight babies, some of whom need attention every moment; a Christian Endeavor Society, the members of which need unheard-of teaching and preparing; a Sunday school which is very much like her daily Bible class in school; a house to be kept; and, last of all, her own health to take care of.

Mary Brown, you are a strong girl, with lots of good sense. Wake up! You are in India now. It is August, 1896. Do you hear that rain? It sounds like a March wind at home, only in addition you hear a sound like a river rolling. What makes you so sad? You are thinking of the babies—some lame, some blind, some deaf, and many quite well in their mud house in your yard. You are grieving that all can not have warm clothes; that they will be drenched to the skin; that many are sick; that you have no doctor to help you, and you yourself can not understand the sickness of some, and can not help others, because you have no accommodations or money. But *chalo* (move)! You can not waste time in aimless grieving with so much work on hand. The rain leaks through in every room. You can not help that—so *chalo* on. You say: "Will the rain ever stop?" Streams of water flow everywhere, and your yard has turned into a lake. Put on your heaviest shoes, your rain-coat, and your sun *topi* (hat). This last is necessary, or you may get a sunstroke, even through the clouds. Let us go into the largest room first, and take a look at the children in it. Now you are disgusted and angry, too. Call the sweeper-woman, who should have done the cleaning up. As an excuse for all the filth, she says the water-man has not yet brought the water. He should have been here

two hours ago. So she has not done any of her work. On a bed, with three other little boys, is Bhura, and you notice that he has sure signs of cholera. And there are twenty other babies in this room crying with pain and hunger, while the water runs in streams on the dirt floor. Tell the sweeper-woman to put all the boys who are in two small houses into one immediately. But do not lose patience if she takes an hour to do it. At last it is done. Now take your poor cholera-stricken babe to the empty house, and do what you can for him.

Fred Starr, you hope to be a physician and surgeon some day, so I will call you. You must prescribe for the cholera patient, and tell the nurse what to do. Get hot water for his feet. Bring Rubina's camphor and give it every ten minutes. Do not give him any food. Rub him constantly to keep up a circulation, and keep him between the coarse blankets you have for the children. Mary is to watch him closely for a week or two if he does not die before that time. Then if he gets well, she must fumigate the house and allow no one near for days. As she never saw sickness to speak of until she came to India, this is enough for her.

But, Doctor Fred, you must come and see my starvelings, and advise me how to save their lives. This child is Herá Lál. His mother died of cholera some months ago, and left him without home or friends. He could walk then, but he can not take a step now. Do you see the bones coming through his wrinkled old skin? And the hollow holes into which his eyes are sunk? Your professional knowledge tells you that this child is dying—was dying when he came. That for days and days and days—so many that the poor mite does not know when they began—hunger gnawed and gnawed his stomach. That sometimes he ate cow's food, and sometimes a bitter berry, and sometimes the skin and seed of fruit thrown away by wealthier children. Do you see that the wholesome and nourishing food I give the child does not taste good to him? If he could he would have again the same stuff he ate when a beggar. Perhaps you know how a healthy appetite is depraved by the use of tobacco and beer. But in all wide America, I am sure you never saw appetites so depraved as those of the starveling children of India. Make poor Herá Lál as comfortable as possible to die. You can do no more.

Now, doctor, this little dried up waif has fever; this one a cough for which you may know a name—I do not; this one raw, open sores; and this one general weakness. You must stand by and see that the *ayah* (nurse) in charge obeys all your orders, or you must wash and bind on clean cloths, and dress and feed, and give medicines

yourself. Besides the sickness, so many have deformities which are caused by the wretched state in which they have been living. We will do what we can for them, but other duties must now have our attention.

PART II. KEEPING HOUSE AND TEACHING SCHOOL

Mistress Martha Workman, you are so careful and neat. Won't you do my housekeeping? Call the cook and the table-servant and give orders for meals, and, jingling your keys, go to your storeroom. See the cook take out six eggs for a pudding requiring four, and make him put back two, and also be careful that he does not take too much sugar and other things as well. Watch one man fill the lamps, or he will steal the oil. Take your daily account from the cook, weighing or counting all things brought from town, and be very sure you do not allow him to charge you too much for everything brought. Do not lose your temper when he tells you your meat is worth four or five cents when for months you have given only three cents for this much. Simply note that his wages are to be cut for persistent deceit and impudence, if you so regard it. Write down no account of anything you have not seen and weighed yourself. After this give out clean dish and dust cloths and towels. You must give about four daily. See that all tins, pots, etc., are cleanly scoured. Talk to your table-man again about the dirty dishes and cupboards. When you despair of seeing order, system and neatness, console yourself with the thought, Hindu-like, that such things "always have been and always will be." See that a certain amount of butter has been made from the milk taken yesterday, and see that today's milk is properly boiled. Since you have not been able as yet to afford an oil stove, you are almost wholly helpless in the hands of your cook. You could in nowise go into that little tight cook-house unless you wished to commit suicide. Besides, you were sent out by the home people to teach and preach to the heathen. How many teachers or preachers at home do their own cooking? Here I will leave you waging war to the teeth with *walle* (people) of all descriptions—butchers, bakers, wood-sellers, store-keepers, etc., but most especially with your cook.

Tom Hardy, it is your turn now. Today my well boys, of whom I have perhaps twenty-five, must have a bath and clean clothes. These clean clothes must be gotten from the washer-woman. There is a book on that shelf in which the number she took last week is

written. Be sure she has brought all back, and after you have noted down the number brought and the number missing, watch that she does not slyly carry away an article or two under her voluminous *sari* (cloak). You must be very sharp, because these women do steal the clean or dirty clothes from under your very eyes. Won't you be glad when only trustworthy native Christians need be employed, when we can have such at our command? Now lock up the soiled clothes until tomorrow, when you may with great care give them to the washer-woman.

Now you may come and see if you can help Martha. First, see that sweeper-woman, and get her to clean up all the filth about the place, and sprinkle lime about all the ditches. Then you will go and see that the water-man has boiled gallons of drinking water to cool today for tomorrow's use, and that plenty of boiled water was cooled and set away for the children to drink today. Then will you see whether your *ayah* (nurse), who has charge of the milk, has properly boiled it. After this will you go to the woman who cooks the children's food, and see that everything is clean about the kitchen, that she has emptied no slops on the floor, or by the door, and has left no dirty pans or dishes about, nor allowed the children to carry away the utensils or food. Later, you may relieve Martha by going with the cook while she gets out the provisions from the storeroom for the mid-day meal, for remember that neither she nor those who are prowling around can be trusted. Will you do this every day for me, and Martha, do it twice a day besides; and then will you two see the children when they eat, so that the sickly ones won't be given too much? If you will, it will be a great rest for me.

Long ago my school bell rang, but how could I have gotten in on time without help from you boys and girls? Today my native Christion helper is sick, so I will need two substitutes for my school. I will take a young lady and a young man. You will both sing hymns, read the Bible and pray together with the fifty-three boys. Then, Bessie Thomas, you take one class of First Readers, and Charlie Marshall take another and teach them the Bible. Before you begin teaching, however, just look on the veranda of my bungalow (the school is held in the bungalow itself), and you will see the highest First Reader class and my pupil teachers, Balli, Sirawan and Benji, and blind Banmali, all quietly reading their Bibles. After the Bible lesson you will each in turn teach numbers, reading, writing and spelling. You will put each class, when doing slate work of any kind, in charge of one of the pupil teachers, and when you are teaching yourself you will also have one of them present so that he

can learn some sensible method of teaching instead of the sing-song parrot-like memorizing method used in India. So a training school in miniature is also started here. The school opens at 7 o'clock. At 10:30 Mrs. McGavran will give a singing lesson. Then the First Readers all go home and you will have one hour to teach geography, grammar, reading, arithmetic, English and the Bible to the pupil teachers. At 12 eat your breakfast and rest a while. Then get up, lay out lessons, think up methods and charts, etc., for your own and the boys' use next day. At 5 o'clock be ready to read Hindi poetry, or in any way prepare yourself in the language not your own to teach school the next day.

PART III. SOME SORROWS AND SOME JOYS

Come, tender-hearted Gracie Morris, with me to the veranda, where I threw out a rug a while ago. What is that? A form, dirty and black, with long, matted hair, is creeping from under the rug. A naked child, you say. Yes, and a poor, little, starving child, as well. Ask her how she came there. Oh! but she will not speak, for she is very much frightened. Give her some bread, and that may make her so that she will not be afraid of you. See how she grabs it and how hungrily she eats! "Now speak, little girl," you say, "and tell me how you came here." "Your mother brought you?" "When did she bring you?" "While you were eating dinner," the child said, in her Hindi language, of course. "Why did she bring you?" "Because," you hear her say, "we are starving. For three days we have eaten no food. My mother was dying and she left me for you to protect." "And," you ask, "why did she put you here?" "Because," she replied, "we were told you could take no more children to care for; so, while you were eating, she hid me here and ran away." Poor Gracie, why are the tears running down your cheeks? You are pitying this poor child, but you are also thinking of dear Miss Frost, who is so much overworked; and her crowded Orphanage, how that she has many more girls there now than can well be accommodated, or than she should be asked to care for. And you also think of Miss Burgess, who can not take one child more. So we must report the child to the police. If she does not die at once in the overcrowded charity hospital or poor-house, she will be sent away, at last, to more misery, perhaps to fall into everlasting shame.

You feel that the air is stifling here on the veranda since you have had this sad experience, and you ask me to walk out into the road. A lame child creeps alone along it. It is wholly defenseless

from the blinding rain. You can not pick it up. You must think again that our rooms are over-crowded. Besides you dare not bring this child among the others until you know whether it be suffering from some contagious disease. So let us go on to the bazaar. Now the tears stream from your eyes. You are not used to such sights. Children on all sides of you. Children in all stages of sickness looking at you. Children stretching out their tiny hands to you. Children falling on their faces before you. Children moaning, and weeping, and crying, and dying, before your eyes. Listen, if you can distinguish an intelligent sound above the sickening, heart-rending confusion. "I am dying!" "I am hungry!" "I am cold!" "I will live with you!" "I have no parents!" "Take pity on me!" "Give me bread!" "Give me money!" "Bread! bread! bread!" "We are starving! starving! starving!" Shut your eyes and ears and heart. Thrust every dirty beggar from you and run. Only a few days ago Miss Frost wrote you that she had seventy children and not 5 cents on hand to care for them. To be sure these are "little ones" of Christ. For two months before the rains, even a cup of water could not be obtained for days by many of them; brooks, streams and rivers had dried up, and that helped to bring about their present condition. But you are accustomed to misery now. Go home and forget what you have seen. It is foolish to feel that such scenes take all your lifeblood from you.

But what is that now that starts your flesh creeping? A naked dead body of a child tied by hands and feet to a pole like some dead animal, and being carried away by the sweepers to be buried. Two months ago you could have saved that child. But what does it matter? Thousands of others now die like it. You know very well that it is useless to think of trying to take care of all these children until more buildings are built for their accommodation, and more missionaries sent to care for them. When the missionaries who are already on the field are so overworked as to endanger their lives, even your tender heart would not ask that they attempt to do more. But do you not wish that the dear boys and girls at home would send some more money out of their abundance to the Builders' Fund, so that all the needed buildings could immediately be erected? And that the Board could have sufficient funds placed in its hands to be enabled to send out the needed workers? If you can work toward accomplishing this end, it will be much better than sitting down and grieving over the misery about you.

But it is not fair to make boys and girls know only aches and pains and sorrows. There are things to tell which will lighten your

hearts, and some which will make you most happy. My sister, who is studying so hard now, will come to the plains in the fall and help us with our work. Our youngest sister is coming out from America, and in a year she, too, can work. Dr. Mary McGavran will also be with us in the fall, and there are other missionary helpers promised as soon as they can be sent. Besides these things, it so delights our hearts that the children whom we care for soon become well and strong. Tom Hardy, when you saw the boys bathe, did you observe what roly-poly, laughing, merry youngsters they were? And do you remember how you laughed in sympathy with them? Later, did you see how perfectly delighted they were with the monkey which a kind English lady gave to me? I am sure you saw what tremendous and healthy appetites the boys had. I can tell you, young people, that six months ago most of these children were begging in the town as Gracie saw the uncared for children doing today. The missionaries are rejoiced to do this good work for these dear children. The missionaries in Damoh have taken in one hundred and twenty during the year, and Mrs. Mitchell and Miss Frost have perhaps taken as many more. Not only do we have rejoicing in seeing the children become well and strong, but also in seeing this poor benighted people brought out of sin and wickedness, and learning better things.

Bessie Thomas and Charlie Marshall, you, I am sure, noticed that the First Reader class of boys are old, but you also noticed that they are intelligent and can read their Bibles well. Less than one year ago not one could read; one was in the poor-house, one a beggar in the hospital, one a beggar in Bina, one in the Orphanage, but so wicked that Mr. McGavran sometimes thought he must be sent away for the sake of the other boys. Now all those boys are Christians, and most trustworthy in every respect. In our Christian Endeavor Society they read or pray, or even talk a little in a stammering way at every meeting. I have reason to believe that ten or twelve others will soon intelligently obey the Gospel. Besides, Mr. McGavran teaches the boys to be manly and independent by training them in many kinds of manual labor. When we realize that these people, who do not know any better than to steal and lie, who would rather beg than work, can be made to be honest, industrious citizens and conscientious Christians, our cup of joy overflows.

I felt very sorry to tell you in my last letter that the men and women were so depraved that they would steal your property under your very eyes, but I was compelled to do so in order that you might know how wretched a condition heathenism is. And it is with a greater happiness than I can express that I think of the change that

is being wrought through the knowledge of our Master. It is a great privilege to be permitted to teach these poor people about Jesus, and to do what we can toward relieving their sufferings and sorrows.

On the whole, my boys and girls, would you prefer to have the aches and sorrows along with the joys, or would you give up the joys in order to escape the inconvenience and the suffering which go with the work?

A VISIT TO SAN JUAN, PORTO RICO

By NORA COLLINS IRELAND

Last Saturday I had to go to San Juan, and I wish the Junior boys and girls could have been with me. I went to the market first. Surely you have never seen a market like this. The stores are built to form a hollow square. Do you know what that is? If not, take a square piece of paper and cut out the center, and you will know what I mean. The edge of your paper will represent the place for the stores. These, of course, had roofs over them. On one side of the square were only meat stands; on another, grocery stores; but the third was the funniest of all. Two or three restaurants are on this side. Do you go in and order beefsteak and potatoes, ice cream and cake, or whatever you like? Oh! no. The tables are covered with oil cloth, you would have white iron dishes to eat from, like some of your mamma's basins, and be expected to eat what was cooked that day, and eat it with your knife or spoon. Perhaps it would be beans, rice and garlic cooked together; perhaps it would be rice, codfish and other things, or it might be nearly everything together as soup. Does it make you feel hungry? No? I did not feel hungry, either, so did not stop.

In this same side is a store where they sell curios. Tiny baskets, curious musical instruments, native belts, spoons made from something like a gourd, cups, and other dishes made from the same fruit; so many strange and curious things are found here. The fourth side is just used for people to walk in. Now the center that you cut from your paper, or the hole that is left, represents the open square. This has no roof. On the floor sit men and women with their fruits and vegetables to sell spread out on old pieces of canvas or right on the floor. You will find oranges, bananas, pineapples, corazones or whatever fruits are then ripe, potatoes, cucumbers, beets, turnips and many other vegetables that we have at home, as well as many new ones for sale. From here I went to the square or plaza again.

Saturday is beggars' day. In all your life you have never seen so many poor, helpless people as you will see in one day in San Juan. Men whose limbs from their knees down have not grown since they were boys, so there is no strength in them, and they have to walk on their hands and knees; some that almost have to creep along the sidewalk because they can not stand up straight; some that are all out of shape, the poor, the blind and the lame. It is a sad sight. When I see these poor people I often imagine I can see Jesus walking among them giving sight to this blind man, healing that lame man, taking this one by the hand and lifting him up, going from one to the other until all were healed; for we read, "And they brought unto Him many that were sick and He healed them all." These people and all the others in Porto Rico need Jesus just as much now as the people did so long ago when He was on earth. No one now can make these poor, crooked bodies straight; but they can be told about Jesus who will save them from their sins, and this is the most necessary part.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SUMMER

By MRS. W. J. BURNER

"Oh! mamma, it was just the best Christmas we ever had." This was Jarvis' opinion of our second Christmas in Argentina, so I am sure you will enjoy hearing about it. In this far southern land Christmas comes in midsummer and Fourth of July in midwinter. Margaret's birthday, June 30, was in the summer time in our old home. Here, in our new home, it is in midwinter. Queer, isn't it?

It was so hot I thought I could not get up any enthusiasm over the preparations. But the children were so enthusiastic I soon became enthusiastic also. Philip had said he intended to hang up his stocking very early Monday morning, so you see, in spite of the heat, he felt as if Christmas was really coming. A branch from the very large magnolia tree in our yard was our Christmas tree, and a number of small flags Grandma Burner sent us were the principal decorations. At its base we set a pot of beautiful jasmine. Fortunately, Christmas eve there came a "*pampero*"—a cold wind from the south. "A cold wind from the south?" Yes, down here the cold winds are from the south and hot winds from the north. So Christmas day was quite pleasant. Some American friends brought us some homemade candy, which, of course, tasted better than the new kinds we buy here. These friends all board in the center of Buenos Aires, so they have their food cooked native style all the time. We and they

decided to have an American Christmas dinner at our house. Strawberries and roasting ears are not just the things for such a dinner, but we had them so some of the party who are going home soon could tell they had fresh strawberries Christmas. The rest of us were more interested in the mince pies—pies are a luxury here. We tried to give the dinner a more homelike flavor by salting the butter and by leaving garlic, dried mushrooms, etc., out of the chicken. There were no other children here, but our children said they had a fine time anyway. It has been more than four months since they played with any English-speaking children.

Last year our children were very homesick. But this year they seldom complain. One night after the boys had disturbed our services by breaking the window, throwing little stones into the room and doing many other naughty things, Philip said, "Oh, mamma, don't you wish we were back in North America?" But usually they are very glad to be where their father can preach Jesus to people who know so little of Him.

In the churches here we have seen little children kissing the knees and feet of images of Jesus. We thought, "How much better to know His words than to kiss His image." They never heard how He said "Suffer the children to come unto me."

We are all very glad when the *Junior Builders* comes, and we read it through and through.

CHILDREN IN ARGENTINA

By MRS. W. J. BURNER

One missionary said to me, "I believe the children of Argentina are the prettiest and the meanest in the world." I know some of them are very pretty and also that some of them are very mean. There is very little family discipline and almost no discipline at all in the schools, so the boys especially get the idea very early in life that they can do just as they please. It is because of this that policemen are so much more numerous than they are in American towns and cities. A policeman seems to be the only person for whom these children really have any respect or fear. I am not writing of the ignorant poor in the crowded tenements, but of all classes.

Most of the people here are very dark-skinned, dark-haired and dark-eyed. They are fond of bright colors and very fond of music. Most of their games are played to the accompaniment of music or song. In La Plata it seemed to me we were always hearing a street

organ or an accordion. Boys and girls seldom, if ever, play together. Only in English schools are boys and girls in the same school room.

This race of people is naturally a smaller race than ours, but even when we remember that, many of the children look ill-fed and undersized to us. An Argentine mother thinks nothing of giving her little baby wine or beer. We often see little tots going to the drink shops for the day's supply of wine and beer. Margaret has taken dinner with two little native girls. In each house she has been offered beer and wine. When she declined both, they said, "Well, what do you drink?"

Though they are all supposed to be members of the Catholic Church, having been baptized when babies and when twelve years old going through an elaborate ceremony of confirmation, they are totally ignorant of the Bible and of how to worship God. We are very glad to have them come to our services. But it is trying when they behave so badly, as they often do. I sometimes think it would not be so trying if they were half-naked little savages. But these people are civilized and are well dressed—many of them in the extreme of fashion—and they can be so dignified that it is disappointing when they misbehave. A great deal of the misbehavior is due to ignorance, of course.

Our children can now talk Spanish very well with other children. Some of the games they play are the same games you play. "Pussy wants a corner" is called "I ask for bread."

Wishing the Juniors success in all their undertakings, the three Juniors in Argentina send their love.

THE BOY WHO WOULD GO TO SCHOOL

By MORTON D. ADAMS, JR.

You have heard of caste, though of course you do not know much about it in this country from personal experience. Still you must not imagine that we are the most democratic and consistent people there are. We claim all men are born equal, and commonly act as if we didn't really think so; while in the East, where no one minds such matters, they claim that all men are unequal and live up to their belief, yet in their inmost hearts are beginning to admit that "a man's a man for a' that."

Here is a true story that may dimly show how caste works. Saddhu was a thin, underfed boy of ten or twelve years, whose father

and mother were grass-cutters, living in a hut about six feet by eight, on the outskirts of a town. Very early in the morning they went off to the jungles with their sharp little sickles, and hacked all day at the tough, rasping grass, the sweat pouring from their faces. In the evening they trotted back again with two bundles of hay apiece swinging from poles slung over their shoulders. They sold their hay in some corner of the howling bazaar for a pitifully small sum of money, and a little later were on their way home with two or three pounds of rice—the sole reward for the day's work.

No, not quite the sole reward, because every night Saddhu's mother managed to tie a pice, a coin worth less than a fifth of a cent, into a corner of her sari, and on Saturday, which is market day, she took her hoard to the bazaar, where she untied the hard little knot of cloth heavy with the week's savings and spent it all on three red peppers, a mud cup full of "khopra ke tel" and a little green bottle half full of "mutti ke tel." The "khopra ke tel" was cocoanut oil with which even a poor grass-cutter loves to anoint himself, and the "mutti ke tel" was Standard oil, to be burned in a tiny saucer for light. This last was an unheard of extravagance, whereby hangs my tale.

For Saddhu, their son, was unusually bright and had somehow picked up the art of reading. Instead of cutting grass with his parents he worked as stable boy at a rich man's house, earning a slender salary; and every now and then he brought home a badly soiled dog-eared little book from which he read by the light of the wretched lamp. In the warm, still dark, while the cooking smoke of evening hung low and heavy over the land and the voices of crickets mingled with the throb of some far-off kettledrum, a plaintive sing-song rose from the little hut under the stars. It was Saddhu reading over the fable of the "Tortoise and the Hare," or perchance a simple version of the "War of the Mahabaratta."

Saddhu's parents liked to listen and somehow grew proud of their boy, so that one day when he was seized with a desire to go to school they sent him quite gladly. Then came cruel disappointment. The school was meant for high caste boys only, and Saddhu was anything but high caste. Just his shadow falling on a high caste boy would have eternally defiled that high caste boy. Hardly had Saddhu entered the school yard when a crowd of boys yelled "Ghassia" ("Grass-cut"), and chased him out with sticks and stones.

"Why mightn't I have known?" he thought. He went to a well, washed out his threadbare dhotie, pounding it well on a stone and bleaching it white in the sun, and next day appeared at school as a

Hindu. His dirty, tell-tale coat left off, airy white dhotie worn long and full and the customary string over his bare shoulder, he saluated a master. "What caste?" asked the master suspiciously. "Hindu," replied Saddhu, but his thick lips and black skin gave him the lie. "Modest dog," said the haughty Brahmin, "it is well the sun throws your shadow aside. Get out, watching carefully that your base-born hide touch none of us. Here, chaprassie!" A tall, gaunt man with an official red ribbon and brass badge caught poor Saddhu, held him by the ear and jerked him out through the gate. The boys in the courtyard hooted in delight and threw dust and evil language over the wall at the poor low caste boy as he went off.

All this was just as well for Saddhu. If his disguise had let him contaminate fifty boys and a master or two before being caught it would have been as much as his life was worth. The puloos (police) are not obtrusive in such cases. Next day a humble low caste boy in soiled coat and a rag of a dhotie appeared once more beneath a window of the school. At his knock the wooden leaves of the window opened and a well-dressed young master, carrying a long rattan cane, asked what was wanted. "Master Sahib, this is the governmaint madrasseh (government school) in which for a ghassia there is no room. Where am I to go?" "What do we care where you go?" replied the master. "I can read to the Fourth Book," said the boy; "that is a Jographee in your hand." The master opened to the first page of his little book, and the boy, reading through the window, said slowly, "Jographee—tir-eats—of thee—airth's—surface." "I know a little Angrezi (English)," he explained. A half-starved low caste boy who can read at all, to say nothing of reading English, the supreme ambition of a native mind, is indeed a wonder. The master may have had some smoulding instincts of the teacher, though Indian school masters usually do not. At any rate, perhaps half in curiosity to see what would come, he took a pencil and wrote, "Name—Saddhu. Caste—Ghassia," and said, "Saddhu, Ghassia, your seat is under this window. When the sun is right I may hear your lesson." He tossed him a few oily Hindustanee books and closed the window.

From that time on Saddhu sat on the hot sand under the window, droning over his lessons by himself. When the sun was sure not to throw his shadow into the school you might have seen the window open and the master inside listening to Saddhu's recitation on the oustside, correcting the results Saddhu called off from his arithmetic slate, and setting fresh lessons in "Jographee," "Reering," "Girammar," etc. The master would never have bothered about Saddhu at all if it hadn't been that the low caste ragamuffin did a

great deal better work than some others inside. So while the hot sun blazed upon him, Saddhu studied in his little corner, from time to time reciting through the window. After a while the master who heard his lessons became his friend and was almost kind to him, but the boys inside took him as a special gift from heaven on whom they might shower their cruel attentions. All pencil parings, bits of waste paper and other rubbish were carefully stored till there was a respectable pile to throw on Saddhu's head. An epidemic of mouth washing, requiring water to be squirted from a window, set in, and Saddhu's window seemed the only one to which a hundred and fifty boys could resort for this purpose. And the number of hands held up with fingers snapping and voices calling, "Master Sahib, may I go out?" increased from day to day. Each boy as he went out had his fling of one sort or another at the quiet fellow sitting in the sun.

When the hot weather came on the sun beat dazzlingly against the hot wall. Other boys could sit in the cool, dark room inside. They were fair-skinned, born to purple and fine linen, and gaudy little caps, and the joy of flying patangs (kites) and playing with shiny marbles and crossing the street when they felt like it to buy three pice worth of jalebis from the sweetmeat seller.

When the tall, white minarets of the mosque blazed so in the sun that it hurt to look at them, and the river just visible through the mango trees narrowed to a silver ribbon in a belt of sand, Saddhu brought banana leaves from the garden across the way and built himself a little shelter. But the whistling hot winds made short work of it, and dust clouds swirling down the street filled his mouth with sand as before. Still he stuck to his post.

One day the noise of scores of boys studying out loud suddenly stopped. A stern looking Sahib, all booted and spurred, in a khaki suit and a big sun hat, clattered up on a horse and came into the school. It was the terrible Inspector Sahib for whom the boys had been getting ready for weeks. He went the rounds, examining each class and picking out individuals here and there. Then his eyes fell on Saddhu sitting out in the sun. "For what punishment is that boy sitting there?" he asked. "Only a low caste vagabond, Sahib, who is there at his own pleasure," replied the head master. "Bring him in," said the Sahib. The same chaprassie who had taken him out with such rough treatment now told Saddhu it was the Sahib's order that he should come at once onto the school veranda. Here, trembling and all alone while the rest of the school looked on from a safe distance, Saddhu was examined by the Inspector Sahib. Hard questions in grammar, knotty little passages in his new panchwa

pustak (fifth reader), earnest scratching on his arithmetic slate, and a crowning effort in the Eenglaesh Reemur (English reader)—Saddhu went through it all, his big, black eyes sparkling with excitement. "That will do," said the Sahib, pushing back his chair. Saddhu gathered up his books and went out quietly through the gate.

It seems that the Sahib made a speech to the whole school after that. He said that Saddhu stood at the head of the school—he even praised the master for so well-taught a pupil, and intimated that the sole good thing he had found in that high caste boys' government school on that trip was the "low caste vagabond who sat under the window for his own pleasure." Wherefore the master now presented Saddhu with two rupees (sixty-six cents) and a new coat and six annas (about ten cents) worth of sweetmeats, asking that he would say not a word about this to anyone. He also forgot himself and patted Saddhu on the back; then begged him not to tell lest he should lose caste and have to pay a thousand rupees to the priests to be purified. But Saddhu's master was a real teacher and one who loved the truth, and he afterward disgraced himself in the eyes of the priests by becoming a Kiristan (Christian). As for Saddhu, when the clean white mission school house rose in that town he became its head master and taught other low caste boys in the shade what he had fought for in the sun. Later on, he became a power in the state.

RAMAN OF THE ROUND HAT

By MORTON D. ADAMS, JR.

In India, before the red sun has peeped over the rim of the earth and turned the short twilight into morning, before even the birds are awake, the cows start off to the jungles to pasture. You will hear them in the early dawn by the jingle tinkle of their bells as, with shuffling feet that raise much dust, they jangle down the great cool, shadowy roads that lead off to their feeding grounds. They go in herds of fifty or a hundred or more, all in charge of a little naked boy who sits sideways on a big buffalo and dreams while he is carried shuffling along. Through the hot day that little boy sprawls in the shade while the cattle browse, but when evening comes he takes his long stick and lets fall half a dozen loud whacks on the back of some scrawny cow or buffalo, which scampers off with its tail in the air, and this starts the whole herd homeward. So in the evening along all the roads the cows come back again, trailing clouds of dust that spread everywhere and make the sunset like a ball of crimson fire.

Now, small, naked Raman had been born to such work as this. His skin was dark—about the same shade as that of Mya, his favorite buffalo—and his hair was long and black and tousled, and his eyes were as black as his hair. But he had a row of flashing white teeth that showed very plainly one day when a conceited crow sitting on Mya's back got caught by a sudden swish of Mya's tail that sent him flying before he could open his wings. If you had seen Raman's eyes just then you would have caught in them a merry twinkle.

On his head Raman wore a round hat made of bamboo matting, which was nearly as big as he was and shaded him like an umbrella. When he took his hat off and leaned on it it was just like a round shield. As far as clothes went, it was all he had, for beside his big, round hat little Raman wore nothing at all except a necklace of copper coins.

Seated one morning on Mya's back while the herd was going down the road, Raman met two white Sahibs, one of whom called to him from his horse: "Ohe Raoot, how many cows have you in your herd?" Now a Sahib is always a very great man, and Raman was afraid this one was going to drag him off to school or put him in jail, but he felt he must reply, so he said he had a great many cows in his herd. "How many?" demanded the Sahib. Raman looked blank. He cudgled his little brain, but since he couldn't count very far he fell back on his old reply that there were a great many. "Tell me how many," said the Sahib. Raman grew afraid. "Very many," he replied. "About five hundred?" asked the Sahib. "Yes, yes, Sahib, five hundred," said Raman. The Sahibs rode off. "There were just thirty cows in the herd," said one to the other. "But at any rate the youngster stuck to his post. All the other herd-boys I try to ask that question run off before I get near 'em."

Down the road with his herd went Raman. The sun was getting high now and the people going on foot from one village to another passed him in little crowds, the men carrying bundles slung from each end of a pole balanced on their shoulders, the women with baskets on their heads. Now and then a rich Malguzar would go proudly by on his pony, with his oxcart and servants behind. "Get out of my way, crazy," he would call to Raman, riding right through the middle of the herd and scattering it right and lift. Then Raman would have to jump off Mya's back and chase the silly cows back to the road again with many shouts and whacks of his stout stick on their lean ribs. But for once he was repaid for his extra work. After the Malguzar had passed and the herd were quiet again, he saw something flash by the roadside. He ran to the spot and found

a little mirror, which the Malguzar's wife must have dropped from her cart. He picked it up and it gave a dazzling flash. Oh, how fine it was! He thought he had never seen such a beautiful thing before. When he looked in it—there, wonder of wonders—was his own face! And when he turned it from side to side it sent a spot of white light up and down the road.

He climbed up on Mya's back and stroked the smooth mirror with his little fingers. "Kaisa soonder! Kaisa soonder!" (how beautiful) he kept saying softly. Now the herd had come to the end of its journey on the high road. No longer stretched the level brown poddy fields right off to the sky, but on either side was rough, broken ground covered with thickets through which you couldn't see far. This was the jungle, and the herd rushed into it by a footpath that traveled from the main road and took them into a shady tangle, where they browsed ravenously on any grass they could find. Raman hopped off Mya's back and lay down under a babool tree and played with his mirror.

"Hai, Langri!" he called to a little lame cow near him. "See this! see this!" and he made a spot of light dance before her eyes. Thin, starved Langri was so busy tearing at the dry grass that nothing short of an earthquake would have budged her—except the mirror. Once the spot of light reached her eyes she kicked up her heels and shook her head and ran off as fast as her lame foot let her.

"Aha! aha!" chuckled little Raman. "Dar gya!" (she's scared!) Here was a new sport! Now how would the rest act? He turned the glass on them one after another and as the mischievous flash caught their eyes the cows did as Langri had done before them and ran off with many antics of feet and tails, much to a small boy's delight. Presently Raman was all alone. The cows were scattered through the thicket, feeding in the warm sun, with here and there a solemn king crow perched on their backs. The air was full of the fragrance of wild jasmine and other jungle flowers, and overhead the clouds sailed in white puffs across the sky. Everything was lonely and very still. Raman wanted company. "Wao, Mya! Mya! Mya! Wahoo!" he called. The old buffalo answered with a jangle of his bell. Raman hunted him out and found the herd feeding around him. He climbed upon his back and lay down. How still it was! He must have gone to sleep for a moment, for when he opened his eyes a strange thing had happened. The herd was all in a bunch, stamping feet, heads in the air, sniffing nervously, all huddled behind Mya, who stood as if on guard with his horns lowered. Something stirred in the thicket ahead. There came a sudden crash of

twigs and leaves as if a large body were moving through the underbrush, and out walked a huge tiger. He came a few steps straight toward the herd, then stopped and settled on his haunches, his tail swishing from side to side.

Raman was too frightened to move. In front of him a spot of light wavered on the ground as the hand that held a little mirror trembled. And that spot of light wavered just far enough to find the tiger's eye—one moment as the great cat caught the flash he stiffened for a spring and the next he flew through the air, landed to one side and was bounding back to cover when bang! came a loud report and a little cloud of smoke drifted over Raman's head. It was the white Sahib on his horse who rode up to Mya's side and took off the round hat and looked into Raman's face. "What have you seen, little son?" he asked.

"Bagwa, tahib," said the boy simply ("a tiger, sir!") "I saw it, too," said the Sahib. "It had its eyes on this fat buffalo and it would have jumped on you if it hadn't been for that charm of yours. Then there would have been a little less than five hunderd cows in your herd—one buffalo and one boy missing, see?" But just then Raman, who was only a little boy after all, burst into tears. "Tahib, bagwa, bagwa!" (tiger, tiger) he cried. "No, he is dead. Come and see," said the Sahib. They took the tiger home in triumph—also Raman. His mother tied the little mirror that had saved his life into his necklace for a charm—and thereafter it was sweetmeats and a new white coat that the Sahib gave to little Raman of the Round Hat.

THREE INDIAN HOMES

By BESSIE FARRAR MADSEN

They came at sunset. They had been traveling all day through the jungle. Across his shoulders the man carried a bamboo, to each end of which was suspended a basket, and in each basket sat a little naked brown child. Several paces behind him came the woman, with all their household possessions carried in a basket on her head. They stopped at a clearing in sight of the tent where the missionary lived. Gathering sticks, they builded a fire and in an earthen vessel cooked the handful of rice that was left to them. Leaves pinned together with thorns served them as plates. After their evening meal they piled more wood on the fire and lay down on the ground near by to sleep.

In the early morning they came to the tent and bowed themselves low before the missionary. "Protector of the poor," they said, "we come from a country where there is for us no food, no work, where there is hunger continually. For a year we have been wanderers. We would have work. We would sit in your shadow and eat your salt."

The missionary demurred, wondering how he could supply with work all who were pleading for it. But the man again prostrated himself. "Behold my children. They die of hunger. Send us not away."

Work was found for them. The man was to stand in a shallow pit to dig and tread the earth, working it into a mortar in which to lay the bricks of the building. The woman was to bring water from the well nearby to moisten the earth, while the children made mud cakes on the edge of the pit and were satisfied. Though the man received only five cents a day and the woman four, they were very grateful, for this they looked upon as good wages then.

When the noon hour came and the workmen had two hours to rest, this little family made ready to build for themselves a house. They cleared a small piece of ground and plastered it over with mud. They cut down small branches from the jungle and made them into a kind of wigwam. They lined it with dried grass. They covered the small opening which served as a doorway with a screen made of bamboo and grass. It was a tiny place, but it served as a shelter many months. "To me there is a house and food, nearby is a well of water; what more can I wish?" he would say.

A year passed and these wayfarers of the jungle had builded for themselves a new house. It was more spacious than the old. It was ten feet square on the inside. The uprights at the corners of the framework had been chosen with forked ends, and on these were laid the crosspieces. Taller pieces supported the ridgepole. The walls were made of brush, and they were plastered without and within with mud. The roof was covered with thatch. Inside there was a cot and an earthen cooking place. The smoke found its way out through crevices in the roof. Through these same crevices the rain found its way in. They were proud of their little home. There were many like it in the villages round about. The man wore a calico coat to church these days and the woman a clean, coarse sari. Even the children were clothed on these special occasions.

Two years later an addition was put to this house. A shed was built out from it and a room roughly fashioned as a shelter for the oxen, for the family now owned a yoke of oxen, a wooden plow and

a small rice field. It was about this time that in the house a bin was built of bamboo and plastered with mud to hold the grain of that first year's harvesting. It was said that somewhere inside the house was buried the earthen pot which contained the savings they were continually putting by. Just where this spot was no one knew, but it might have been under the cooking place or beneath the cot.

Four years passed. Again the family had builded. This new house had taken their spare moments for many months, for it was a good house. It was a real mud house, with walls two feet thick at the ground. The roof was thickly thatched. There was a veranda in front nearly three feet wide. There was a partition reaching nearly to the ceiling dividing the house into two small rooms, and the bin for the harvest of grain was built larger. The secret banking place was somewhere in the thick mud walls now. The cot and the earthen cooking place were there, but there was also a box for clothing and some brass cooking vessels. There was a shelf of mud to hold the tiny tin lamp that would never know a chimney. The house was finished with a coating of white earth. A separate house nearby sheltered a pair of strong black buffalo, the pride of the family. A roughly made wagon stood near. Its wheels were but cross-sections of a large tree, with holes burned through the middle for the axle, but it served its purpose and the young farmer received payment for hauling heavy timbers from the far jungles for the timber contractor in the town. The old wagon never failed to proclaim its part in the family life with screeches and scrooches whenever it was brought into service.

I have forgotten to mention the group of castor oil trees that grew near the door, the tiny mud house for the chickens, the great straw stack in a gnarled old tree in the yard and the garden, with its fence of brush, where grew the peppers and mustard, the gourds and beans, the cucumbers and pumpkins.

Few of the farmers of that district had better homes and few were so respected as was this Christian farmer, for God had prospered him.

"Man, through all ages of revolving time,
Unchanging man, in every varying clime,
Deems his own land of every land the pride,
Belov'd of heaven o'er all the world beside:
His home, the spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest."

LEGEND OF THE VIRGIN GUADALUPE

By LILLIAN WALLACE

Churches are numerous in Mexico. Even in very small towns we find as many as three or four Catholic churches. The richness of decoration, the beautiful paintings, the costly railings of gold and silver make them places of interest to the stranger. Added to all this, the legend of the Virgin Guadalupe makes her church the holiest shrine in all Mexico.

In 1521, just after the Spanish conquest—when the Mexicans seemed reluctant in accepting the new faith—it was decided by Cortez and the Spanish priests that if in any way the Mexicans could have a Virgin of their own they would the more readily embrace Romanism. The cunning Spaniards were not long in devising a way for the "Mother of God" to show her love for the Indians. With great wisdom they chose as the place for this wonderful apparition a spot already sacred to the superstitious Indian; for here on this barren hill they had long whispered "*Tontantzin,*" a heathen mother of the gods.

The legend that they made up tells us that great was the surprise of the devout Indian, Juan Diego, when the Virgin Guadalupe, in the guise of an Indian maiden, appeared to him one chill December morn. She commanded him to gather flowers. To gather flowers on such a spot seemed impossible. In humble obedience to her wish he searched and found them. Soon the astonished Juan had a large bouquet of beautiful roses, which he carefully wrapped in his *tilma*, or blanket, and carried them to the priest. Trembling with fear and in a somewhat excited tone, he tells the priest of the wonderful apparition of the Virgin; but greater yet is his surprise—upon emptying the flowers from his *tilma* he finds stamped therein the image of the Virgin. Soon this miracle of miracles is circulated among the ignorant Indians. The incredulous story is never doubted A suggestion from the priest is all that is necessary; the Church in honor of the Virgin is soon erected. The *tilma*, with its mysterious picture, is encased in a gold frame and is hung just over the altar For almost four hundred years the Virgin Gradalupe has been the most exalted object of adoration in all Mexico. Even today her shrine is visited, not only by the untutored Indian, but the well-dressed, well-bred Mexicans kneel before this image of the Virgin and offer up their devotions.

The image is described as being a wooden doll about a foot high, holding in its arms an infant Jesus. Dressed in satins and pearls, she calls forth the admiration of the people, who gaze long and lovingly at her. In 1905—only a few short years ago—a costly gold crown was placed above the image. The coronation of the Virgin was a scene of great pomp and ceremony, not only attended by the ecclesiastical dignitaries of Mexico, but also by an archbishop of the United States. As a result, the popularity of the worship of the Virgin Guadalupe has been marked and strong. Yes, this idolatrous devotion continues today because the poor Indian knows no better, but the prelates of the Catholic Church well know that this legend is all a myth—that it has no foundation—for there never was such an apparition, nor any Juan Diego. The superstitious Mexicans cling with great tenacity to the traditions and legends of the church. The missionary is telling the beautiful story of Jesus, our Savior, and many have burned their saints and images and are today rejoicing in a Savior's love.

THE LADY OF THE LUJAN

By ZONA SMITH

I want to tell you of a visit I made to one of the Catholic shrines. A party of seven North American missionaries went out to Lujan (Lu-han, accent on the last syllable and pronounce a as in father), a small town thirty-five or forty miles from Buenos Aires, to see the shrine and image of "Our Lady of Lujan." After going a distance of perhaps a mile and a half from the station in a horse car we found ourselves before a magnificent church edifice. Within we found the clay image, thirteen inches in height, which was coronated by the authority of the Pope in May, 1887. She is the protector of Uruguay, Paraguay and Argentina, and considered one of the greatest saints in all South America. Many pilgrimages, some of them official ones, are made to this shrine. Only a few weeks ago, when the Spanish Infanta was here, she and Argentine government officials made a pilgrimage there, and the Infanta left a beautiful offering. Our lady is claimed to be one of the richest virgins in all the world, so numerous and valuable have been the offerings made to her. Her age is three hundred years.

Two elaborate staircases of marble, with onyx columns in the bannisters, lead up to the small chapel where this image is kept. It is dressed in blue and white satin, decked with jewels and a

crown, and stands above a luxurious altar where colored candles are kept burning. Vases, candlesticks and other accessories to this altar are overlaid with gold leaf. Beneath the image is an enclosure where the holy water is kept. Still below this is a bas-relief in gold of the burial of Jesus.

From this chapel we went to other chapels in the building and viewed many articles left there for this virgin. The marbles in the shrines are very beautiful. It was both amusing and heart-rending to see the votive offerings left there by the poor, ignorant, deluded people. Most of them were beneath glass and enclosed in frames and hung on the walls. They were of various materials, some embroidery, some inscriptions on gold and silver plates telling what the virgin had done for the donors, and some very interesting ones were of tin. A tin arm or leg, or whatever part of the body had been healed, there represented the gratitude of the healed one. Crutches abounded. There were scores of bridal wreaths left by brides who trusted the virgin to bless their marriage. With some of them were the bridegroom's gloves or a piece of his necktie.

Let me tell you the story of how the image came to be there. A wealthy man bought her in Brazil for his own private chapel. When transferred she was accompanied by an African slave who cared for her, and continued to care for her as long as he lived. Attendants attempted to carry her from Buenos Aires to the man's house in a cart. The cart stuck in the mud and the attendants were unable to proceed. They thought that the virgin absolutely refused to go on, so a chapel was erected for her there. At a later date a certain woman was very anxious to have the virgin in her home and to care for her, and so she was removed to this home without this African slave. In the night she disappeared, and after a diligent search she was found in the chapel. The woman was greatly distressed, and she was so anxious to have her in her house that she tried taking her again. But again she disappeared in the night and was found in her original place. So it was decided that she would not stay because the slave was not with her. The present building is five leagues from where they say the virgin stopped. The people believe that this virgin worked miracles a long time ago, and I am told that they base their belief on the stories told by this ignorant, superstitious African slave who cared for her. While we were in the chapel five worshipers, a man and four women, came in, bowed before the piece of clay and said prayers to it. One woman kissed the lace altar-cloth as she retired. The others were still on their knees when we passed out Close by the church is a shop

where images of various sizes and kinds are sold. These are all of "Our Lady of Lujan" and are to be put in the shrines in private homes or worn on the person to keep off evil and disease. In the town of Lujan, where several hundred people live, there is no evangelical work of any kind.

Let me give you another instance of idol worship. Our German-Swiss brother who was recently baptized was helping a family move a few days ago. Among their belongings were three images which were greatly prized by the *senora* (lady). One was an image of the boy Jesus, and she said it had helped her boy so often—that when his lessons were so difficult that he could not get them, he would pray to this boy image and it helped him learn them. Another was a virgin which she said had worked miracles in her home. The three images were taken in a carriage, and one, the miracle-working virgin, was lost. The woman was heart-broken over it and cried bitterly. When her grown son came home in the evening he found her weeping. After learning the cause of her grief he told her it was no use to weep—that the image could not do anything, and even if it could, that there were plenty others being manufactured all the time; that it would be an easy matter to replace it. Then our brother learned that the son had at some time been in an evangelical Sunday school, where he had learned that the images were powerless. Our brother talked with the woman about her religion, and at first she was very angry, but as they talked further she became calm, and before the conversation ended she admitted that she did not believe in the confessional. He said he would give her a Bible.

Many of these people know no Christ. Others know only a Christ on the cross and in the tomb. Have we not a living Christ? Have we not a peace-giving Christ? Do not these people need to know our Christ?